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The EXAMINER.

From Friday *January* 23, to Monday *January* 26, 1712.

Homines plura indicant Odio & Amore, quam Veritate, aut Præscripto, aut Legibus. *Cicero* de Oratore.

OUR *English* Divines afford us the best Discourses extant concerning the Nature of *Conscience*, and the several Kinds of it; and yet I do not remember any one of them who has touch'd upon the mutual Entercourse between the *Conscience* and the *Passions*, and the Mischiefs that may follow from such a Dependence, tho' it might have been of singular Use to handle this Point throughly, in order to explain several *Phænomena* which have lately happen'd both in Religion and Government. What *Hudibras* says of the *Rosstan* Philosophy, and of the Nature of *Romances*, that they divide every thing into *Love* and *Fighting*, may with the same Justice be applied to some Modern Schemes both of Civil and Ecclesiastical Polity. Men now begin to sort their Principles by their Inclinations, without any regard to Truth, or enquiring into the Nature of Things. They affirm and deny for no other Reason in the World, but that they may be said to Vote with their Friends, and to Contradict their Enemies. Good and Evil seem to be regarded no otherwise than as two indifferent Things: And when a new Notion is started, or some publick Affair proposed to be undertaken, the Question is not, Is it true? Is it useful? Is it necessary to the Welfare of the State? But we ask, Who said it? Who proposed it? Was it *My Lord*? or *Sir John*? or *Sir Harry*? Who are the Persons concerned in it? For there lies the Stress of the Argument: Reason is no longer our Guide, but we follow Faces and Complexions, and chuse our Principles by *Simpathy* and *Antipathy*. Nor is this the worst of it; but we Love and Hate only for the sake of Words, and all our *Animosities* may be resolved into a Difference in Sounds. We are so very Combustible, that a little Breath, a puff of Wind set us on a Flame. A few *Vowels* and *Syllables* serve to blow us up, and do the Work of Gunpowder. There are scarce any Traces in the Mind leading to the Passions, which I cannot stir and put into Disorder by proper Applications from the *Alphabet*. The most violent Ratings and Excesses of Fury are to be roused and excited this way: As supposing you are talking of Government, the word (*Power*) does but just make the Blood circulate; if you go on and mention (*Supream*) there is presently a gentle Commotion among the Animal Spirits; suppose you proceed and utter the Word (*Monarchy*) you will find the Fire begin to kindle; and after that, upon the first eccho of the word (*Prerogative*) you may perceive some Smoak; till you pop out the Monosyllable (*Right*) and then the Man blazes; but if you offer to add to it (*Hereditary*) he is immediately all over in a Flame, and you must fly for fear of a Roasting. But the most surprizing Operation is occasion'd by a seasonable Application of *Proper Names*; which, tho' they are not allow'd a place in our *Dictionaries*, are yet of great Force and Energy; almost all our modern Politicks, as we talk it over in *Coffee-Houses*, being but a more effectual way of *Conjuring*; where the whole Performance depends upon the calling over a few *hard Names*; and as these Sounds strike the Passions of Love and Hatred, so the several underling Sprights rise and sink, appear and vanish, fetch and carry, and play over all their other Inchantments.

The *Whigs* of all Men breathing are the greatest Slaves to *Simpathy* and *Antipathy*: Their Forefathers in *Forty One* resolv'd all their Principles into these two predominant Passions. When once their Prejudices had dress'd out the Idea of a *Loyalist* in every terrible and hateful Circumstance, and had imprinted this Image on their Minds, as the constant Object of their Aversion and Resentment, there was afterwards nothing so black and odious, which they would not affirm of that ugly Monster. I have seen some *Prints* and *Emblems*, which was at that time the dumb way of Scandal, and from whom, I presume, the *Dutch* Satyrists took the Invention, where the poor *Cavaliers* are drawn with Horns, Tails, Bristles, and all the Array of *Michael Angelo*'s Devils. After this, it became a part of the *Saints* Creed, to believe the worst of them. All the Terrors and Plagues mention'd in the *Revelations* and *Minor Prophets* were apply'd to them, and Children were taught to look for *Cloven Feet* where-ever they met them. But their Spiritual Frenzy was by far the most Romantick, and burst out in innumerable Sorts and Fits of *Antipathy*: Not only the *Miter*, *Surplice*, and *Liturgy* were condemn'd as *Popish*; but their Zeal extended to *May-poles*, *Bull-baiting*, *Minc'd-pyes*, *Legs of Mutton*, and *Sirloins of Beef* stuck with *Rosemary*. The bare Repetition of the words *Cross*, *Christmas*, *Michaelmas*, *Bell* and *Lamb*, was condemn'd as Heresie. Religion became mere Low Comedy, and consisted in a voluminous Collection of senseless *Negatives*. The most bigotted *Popery* and Whimsies of Pagan Worship were scarce so Ridiculous, nor inspired Men with a more dangerous *Flatus* of Superstition, or sent them out upon so many mad Errands and Adventures. But their Enmity to those they called the *Wicked*, sanctified all those irrational Measures, and their Distemper became as desperate as theirs is, who sweat at the Appearance of a *Cat*, or fall in Fits at the sight of a *Shoulder of Mutton*.

In the mean time their *Simpathy* kept even pace with their *Antipathy*, and produced Effects equally Fatal and Extravagant. They could justifie the pulling down of an *Hereditary King*, in order to set up a *Tyrant* little inferior to *Nero* or *Caligula*, because they had a Fellow-feeling with him, and he was taken from among the Saints. They could commit the most unheard-of Plunderings, Devastations and Barbarities, with the Name of *Liberty* in their Mouths, because the Earth was the *Saints*, and all the Inhabitants thereof; and under the Mask of Godliness they made the very Name of Christianity stink, and introduced all the Immoralities and Corruptions that ever debauch'd a People, and made them ripe for Vengeance; but so long as the Cause prosper'd, and Confusion encreased, all these Abominations were overlook'd in the Brethren; *Simpathy* reconciled the foulest Inconsistencies, and made those very Actions and Principles meritorious, for which the Prophane were never to be forgiven.

The Posterity of these blessed Patriots, our *Modern Whigs*, have rather refined upon the Original, than fallen short of it. Their Atchievements in Religion and Policy would, I believe, appear equally surprizing and Romantick, had we a *L'Estrange*, a *Berkenhead*, a *Titus*, or a *Butler*, to paint them in their proper Colours. Their *Simpathy* is such, that Robbing the Publick, and Impoverishing Posterity, is Great and Glorious, and deserves the Lawrel, if the Head that is to wear it be mark'd with a *W*. Selling us to Foreigners, and putting *Dutch* Yokes or *German* Pad-locks upon us, is Liberty and Redemption, provided it be done by Men professing to believe in *Sydney* and *Harrington*. To deprive the just Rights of a Legal Monarchy, for the sake

ſake of creating a *General* or *Junta* into the moſt abſolute Power under Heaven, is a Scheme exactly agreeable to the Rights of the People, ſo long as the Promoters of it are allowed to continue ſteddy and uniform in their Adherence to *Revolution Principles*. By ſuch *Sympathies* as theſe, the *Whigs* and their Leaders are knit and cemented together; and when I conſider the *Implicit Faith* and *Paſſive Obedience* which they pay their Superiors, I muſt pronounce them the greateſt *Slaves*, and moſt abject *Vaſſals* in *Europe*.

Their *Antipathy* is no leſs remarkable and extravagant. The freeing one's Native Country from Poverty and Reproach, and placing her at the head of the *Proteſtant* Intereſt; the procuring for us a Peace that fully anſwers all the great Ends we fought for, and exceeds the Demands that were once made for us, on purpoſe to have them rejected; the reſtoring of Credit, and enlarging the *Britiſh* Trade, would, to a Man actuated but by a few Glimpſes of Reaſon, and who had ever heard of ſuch a Vertue as the Love of his Country, appear to be no mean Bleſſings; but in the Judgment of the *Whigs*, they are all a Curſe, a Plague, a Crime that deſerves *Impeaching*; and the only Reaſon given for theſe Cenſures is, That the Perſons concerned in tranſacting theſe Affairs, have not the good Luck to find their Names in the Liſts of that Party. As to *Popery*, their Cant runs as high as that of their Predeceſſors. The Men now in Power may like King *Charles* I. Declare, and Proteſt, and Fight, and if they pleaſe ſuffer Martyrdom for the *Proteſtant* Religion, the *Whigs* for all that, will reconcile them to the *Pope*. Every Journey to *Paris* is with deſign to kiſs the *Pretender's* Hand: Every *Shilling* given by the *French Ambaſſador* to a *Waterman* or a *Milkmaid*, is a Bribe in favour of *Tranſubſtantiation*; and all his Footmen are *Prieſts* and *Jeſuits*. There's not a *high Commode* to be ſeen in the *front Box* at an *Opera*, but preſently we think of Pope *Joan*; and if a *broad-brim'd Hat* walks the Streets, we have thoſe who are ready to Swear it is a Cardinal's, and belongs to the Head of the Church, or was at leaſt ſent hither by way of Sample. Such is the Magick of *Antipathy*, the Moment a Man happens to have the Name of *Tory* affix'd to him, he is immediately ſtript of his Honour, Conſcience, Profeſſion, Oaths, Religion, Underſtanding, Eſtate, and Self-preſervation; has a New Church, a new King, and a new God put upon him; and after all theſe Out-rages and Indignities, the good-natur'd *Perſecutors* call themſelves Men of *Temper* and *Moderation*, or what is worſe, *Proteſtants* and *Chriſtians*.

To prevent theſe *paſſionate Conſciences*, which are much more dangerous and hurtful to the State, than when they only pretended to be *Tender*, from purſuing thoſe pernicious Deſigns which are the inſeparable Conſequences of *premeditated Lunacy*, I would only put them in mind of the Hazards they run, and whether they have not provok'd the Goddeſs of *Juſtice* to let looſe her Reſentment upon them, unleſs they ſuppoſe ſhe has loſt all her other Senſes, as well as her *Eye-ſight*. We know in what manner their Fore-fathers handled thoſe whom they were pleaſed to call the *Diſaffected Party*, which certainly is the mildeſt Name that can be given to our Modern Reprobates. Without doubt their Conduct is beyond Meaſure provoking; they ſeem to have taken up the *Antinomian* Hereſie, and are reſolved to Sin the *Rounds*, and ſtrain hard for new Inventions in Iniquity, only to magnify the Goodneſs and Mercy of the Government they live under. However, as there are ſome among them whoſe Caſe is not quite ſo deſperate, I ſhall not give over attempting their Reformation: And in order to cure them of theſe Political Diſtempers of *Simpathy* and *Antipathy*, I would not venture to perſuade them to change Sides, without being able to plead any thing but Diſguſt for their Converſion: Let them, if they pleaſe, be *Whigs* ſtill: But muſt they be ſuch *Whigs*? So fall'n, ſo degenerate? Have any of their Forefathers written tolerably of the *Art of Government*? Are there no Authors among them who have told us, what *Publick Good* really is; the Bleſſings of *Peace*; the Advantages of *Trade*, and wherein the true Intereſt of *Great Britain* conſiſts? I will not ſend them to the *Leviathan*, *Hobbs* was too great a Bigot to abſolute Power; I'll not recommend old *Shaftsbury* to them, *Delenda eſt Carthago* will never go down with our modern *Republicans*; but let them look over *Sidney*, and read *Milton* with attention: they will there find many excellent Things ſaid of *Peace*, *Plenty*, *Trade*, *Juſtice*, *Unity* and *Publick Credit*: Let them then fairly put the Queſtion, Who are for theſe Things? and who againſt them? and let notorious Fact, and the Journals of both Parties give in a direct Anſwer: Here they will ſoon find their Liſt of Worthies; no matter how they are called: Their Names and Titles cannot alter the nature of ſuch Bleſſings; and if their own Power and Intereſt happen to be tack'd to theſe Publick Advantages, 'tis a clear ſign they amply deſerve to enjoy both. We cannot be happy on more reaſonable Terms. Such Men ought to be great, or we muſt be as little and deſpicable as Malice and Ingratitude can make us. In this Caſe a *Whig* does not *renounce* but *reform* his Party. He votes with *Holles*, *Maynard*, *Pym*, *Ruſhworth*, and with all the great Maſters of that ſide, who have ever merited the good Opinion of their Adverſaries, by any tolerable Advances in *Senſe* or *Honeſty*.

For thoſe *Party-men*, who are converſant in Trade, and decide moſt of their Political Controverſies by the *Shop-book*, let them poſt up *Great Britain* at the top of the Page, and then proceed to an impartial examination of her Intereſts, in the known way of *Loſs* and *Gain*, *Debtor* and *Creditor*. In one *Column* let them write *Standards*, *Colours*, *Bonfires*, *Squibs*, *Crackers*, *Thankſgiving-Sermons*, *Grants*, *Perquiſites*, *Funds*, *Mortgages* and *Congratulatory Speeches*: On the oppoſite ſide let them ſet down *Dunkirk*, *Port Mahon*, *Gibraltar*, *Hudſon's Bay*, *Nevis*, *Newfoundland*, the *Aſſiento*, *Peace*, *Plenty*, *Publick Credit*; and then let them caſt an equitable Eye upon the *Underwritten*, ſee who ſigns each Account, declare the *Ballance*, and give their *Diſcharge* accordingly.

But if by long acquaintance with *Baker's Chronicle*, or deep reading in the *Seven Champions*, they have been taught to pay a due regard to the *Military Art*, and to ſpeak well of a *Battle*, tho', like thoſe introduc'd by Mr. *Bays*, it be nothing at all to the *Plot* or *main Deſign*; let them however apply to the proper Perſons in behalf of their Heroes: Let the *Damoſel*, who was ſav'd when in Diſtreſs, beſtow her embroider'd Scarf; let the *Knight*, who was under Enchantment, make a Speech; and the *Emperor*, who was beſieg'd, give his Daughter to his Deliverer: Or to ſpeak in the Stile of modern Hiſtory, let *Blenheim* be charged to the *Auſtrian* Account, with a ſufficient *Drawback* for the Miſmanagements in *Spain*; let *Turin* become a Debt upon *Savoy*, and *Audenard*, *Ramellies* and *Blaregnies*, be drawn up in a Bill upon the *Dutch*; and then not a Mortal amongſt us ſhall repine at the Gratitude of either of thoſe Potentates, tho' they make all their Heroes *Penſionaries* and *German Princes*; whilſt by the ſame Rule, thoſe honeſt *Britains*, who have won a Victory here at home, greater than all theſe, and to the entire Advantage of their own Country, ought to be left in the quiet Poſſeſſion of her beſt *Thanks* and *Favours*!

ADVERTISEMENTS.

This Day is Publiſhed,

†.*.† Mr. C——ns's Diſcourſe of Free-Thinking, put into plain Engliſh, by way of Abſtract, for the uſe of the Poor. By a Friend of the Author.

To Morrow will be Publiſh'd,

. Entertainments of Gallantry: Or, Remedies for Love. Familiarly Diſcours'd, by a Society of Perſons of Quality. Both Printed for John Morphew near Stationers-Hall. Price 1s.

TO prevent the Publick being impoſed upon by Counterfeits: The true Royal Chymical Waſh-ball for beautifying the Hands and Face, as is from the firſt Author, without Mercury, or any thing prejudicial, largely experienced, and highly recommended by all that uſe them; and that for making the Skin ſo delicately ſoft and ſmooth, as not to be parallel'd by either Waſh, Powder, or Coſmetick: And it being indeed a real beautifier of the Skin, by taking off all Deformities, as Tetrars, Ring-worms, Morphews, Sun-burns, Scurf, Pimples, Pitts, or redneſs of the Small-Pox, keeping it of a laſting and extream Whiteneſs: It ſoon alters red or rough Hands, and is admirable in ſhaving the Head, which not only gives an exquiſite ſharpneſs to the Razor, but ſo comforts the Brain and Nerves, as to prevent taking Cold, and is of a grateful and pleaſant Scent; which has been ſold above theſe eight Years, at the corner of Pope's Head Alley in Cornhil, againſt the Royal Exchange, and is ſtill continued to be Sold at the ſaid Shop, by Mr. Lambert, Glove-ſeller, and at Mrs. King's Toy-ſhop in Weſtminſter-hall, Price 1 s. each, and Allowance by the dozen. Beware of Counterfeits which may prove very prejudicial.

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